



## COMPOSITION BOOK

MY TRUTH : BOOK TWO

- A Heartful Diary -

September / October 2009

Item No. 63794

Wide Rule • 100 Sheets • 9 3/4" x 7 1/2"



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# MY TRUTH

(Mein Wahrheit)

Book TWO

September / October 2009



September  
2009

# THE SINNING PHILOSOPHER

[ ... And so I walk ... as Schopenhauer walked, Hentrich walks ... religiously. Unlike Arthur, Mikey is always broke - except at the beginning of the month when the government relief check enters his account. You see, I am a sinning philosopher who has alcoholic tendencies. I am afraid that, were I to have had Schopenhauer's inheritance, I would have squandered it in search of oblivion, ecstasy, and basic drug-induced comatose.

I am ~~not~~ <sup>neither</sup> proud nor ashamed of this fact. This is simply "My Truth."

I seem to lose every little possession ... flute, harmonica ... things that seem so precious ... I lose when inebriated. I go through a bit of sorrow, regret, and remorse, but then I actually experience some kind of liberatory feeling, when I fall back upon my core I being.

When I am totally broke, which is almost continuously, my will is more at rest. Nothing need be done.

Knowing I haven't a dollar to spend on any beer or other intoxicants, I resolve to settle into the evening ... to investigate suicide - a very serious topic for me. ]



Back in New Jersey, when living in Ocean Grove, my main source of literary & investigations came from the Asbury Park Public Library. I may even go back through some of my notebooks from that time to transcribe some passages from Christopher Morlowe.

For all I know, I might be losing many of the volumes of diary material I had brought along with me. This evening I begin investigating Geo Stone's "Suicide and Attempted Suicide".

I have found the King County Library System of Washington to be a great resource.

I surely have no need for cable TV or an Internet connection.

Browsing through a notebook I was writing in last September (#122), I note a quote by Schopenhauer that goes to the root of my gripe with the Judeo-Christian tradition (yes, this includes all 12 Step principles as well as "Islam"):

"One might say with truth, Mankind are the devils of the earth, and the animals the souls they torment. Such are the effects of the first chapter of Genesis, and in fact, of the whole Jewish conception of nature."



In notebook #124 from last October (2008) I have some notes written by Christopher Marlowe:  
 "He admonishes his daughter that religion hides many mischiefs from suspicion. There is no love on earth, no pity in Jews, no piety in Turks."

For Christopher Marlowe, Mohammed and the Koran, Christ and the Bible, were interchangeable. All such religions are equally invalid. In Marlowe's plays each of the world religions of his world — Christianity, Islam, Judaism — came under attack.

Marlowe was a spirit in revolt against the human condition. He was wrestling with deeper matters, as am I, facing with courage and honesty the problems of truth about man's life and his status in the universe.

"The word damnation terrifies not me  
 For I confound Hell in Elysium;  
 My ghost be with the old philosophers!"

The consequence of intellectual pride is a hardening of the heart.



"My heart is hardened, I cannot repent.  
Scarcely can I name salvation, faith,  
or Heaven.

Sword, poison, halberds, and envenomed steel  
Are laid before me to dispatch myself.  
And long ere this should have done the deed  
Had I not sweet pleasure conquered deep despair.

Hardening of the heart leads to despair,  
despair to self-destruction. All that  
remains to stare off that fate is intellectual  
curiosity, the prurient desire to know  
what is forbidden (sensual pleasure).

Marlowe did write a treatise of a scriptural  
kind, but it was destroyed. We hear  
much about scepticism, unbelief, atheism;  
but almost always from the orthodox,  
from the people in control of society  
and opinion. We hear very  
little from the free-thinking minority,  
for the most effective of  
all reasons: they were gagged and  
suppressed, their mouths were  
stopped!!!

prurient - inordinately interested in sex



Gabriel Harvey was a jealous hater of Marlowe, and he gave an unintentional tribute to the strength of Marlowe's personality with the following:

"He that nor feared God,  
nor dreaded Devil,  
nor ought admired but his wondrous self."

Magic is the power to experience and fathom things which are inaccessible to human reason. Magic is a great secret wisdom, just as reason is a great public folly. ]

I will try to keep my thoughts focused and centered on the task before me, to eat no more than two meals per day, to sleep little, and to change my clothes as infrequently as possible, for I am a natural born sorcerer.

It is good to be calm. At this point, as long as my parents are healthy, I will try to make the best of my "escape from New Jersey", getting into my daily ritual as a scholar, devouring rare books from the King County Library System. My current interest: suicide and attempted suicide.]



2009.09.15

17

Could it be that the Internet, whether it is blogs or forums, is nowhere near as powerful - as far as true literature goes - as a handwritten diary kept in private notebooks?

Everything I written on the Internet can disappear. People are so stupid sometimes, letting me know I am being watched and scrutinized and judged, not merely by the authorities, but by the community itself.

I am very tired of being at the mercy of the conventional. Imagine, knowing what I know about my own inner wealth, that I am judged as a freak, as a psychopath, by the likes of Lonnie Gray Jr and that "Sharon" from the old QuickCheck (6-12) in Freehold! Mike the Bum? It is

absolutely maddening how the stupidest, most vulgar and illiterate blockheads delight in mocking the intellectually SUPERIOR!

Schopenhauer has been a great guide in this respect, and I'm afraid the only possible way to prevent myself from becoming utterly depressed about this fate is to become totally indifferent to the opinions others have of me. Let them think I give a FUCK. I DON'T. Let them underestimate me.



Since I have become disillusioned with society in general. The very librarians who I would expect to be impressed with my reading activity or my literary skills may be nothing more than power seeking phonies.

That there are many in the workforce who resent me for doing my lack of participation in the workforce is evidence of the effectiveness of my protest. So I am hated - what of it? [ I am aging. People are losing their ability to shut my feelings because I am becoming more and more appreciative of my blessings, my inner wealth. ] People may be jealous of my superior intellect and actually resent me for not "contributing to society" - as if I am somehow selfish for using my intellect for my own benefit & for philosophy and not for some practical purpose.

Clue → disillusion implies undeceive  
When I feel disillusioned, this is because I am becoming less deceived... less of a GORT.



Could it be that my "work" on the Internet has not even begun? My "notebooks" are my "blog" - but much closer to the bone than if written on the Internet since I do not censor. Not to be too hard on "Nat", but he really seems obsessed with his "public image", whereas I seem to really just fuck with everyone, not taking public opinion seriously in the least.

[I have obviously overcome many of the social constraints that keep most people in line. This brings me delight knowing that I have transcended so many of the schoolyard/jailhouse/gang/army politics.] I am finally awake enough to see just how stupid most people are.

The very people who try to befriend me ~~or~~ act like they care about me could be the very people who are most curious, jealous, and perplexed by the way I carry myself. Maybe it is to my advantage that people underestimate me. I want to see what I am when I am hungry, angry, lonely, and tired, because this helps me know true reality better.



2009.09.19

29

My paranoia is intense, but it tells me I am now on some kind of radar, being observed not only by the overlords but by the "space pod" citizen-slaves that notice in me a specific "boldness", where I do indeed stare and shoot prisms and generally act out on my impulses. I am a screamer and a blasphemer. There is much anger in me.

I resent being at the mercy of conventional people as much as I resent being at the mercy of scumbag huns like I Herick.

There is no doubt about it: I was hated upon in white christian Ocean Grove. I am AT ODDS WITH THE WORLD.

If and when I return to Jersey, I will elude CPC Behavioral Health. If I want psychiatric care, I will try to track down the 'Black Woman' who lives across from the Freehold Township High School.

What was it about Mo, Lou, and the whole CPC Behavioral Healthcare system/program that creeped me out? I could see right through the LIES - and some of those evil cunts couldn't hide their hatefulness of my intellectual superiority.



20 September 2009 Sunday

33

Could it be true? How can this be that my inner calm, my harmony, my mojo is shining bright just from as if I had smoked marijuana, brighter than if I had drank 24 ounces of beer first thing in the morning, just from the cool mountain air mixing with the sunshine?

The Will, knowing that there is no money to be had, is not excited. It calmly accepts that the stomach is full, that the body is not suffering withdrawal symptoms from alcohol poisoning or any other substance.

The sunbeams alone are making me feel "high". I find peace in the privacy of sitting upon a flat rock under a tree in an empty lot next to the library... a "free zone" of sorts. Besides that, it is a Sunday, so the library is closed, which makes for even more privacy.

The only audience are of drivers passing by on Pacific Highway. I watch people putting their money into their cars, dumping money at in the bars, stocking up on amplifiers and electric guitars, even spending four hundred million dollars per year sending satellites to Mars. And I think, what an absurd ~~carnival~~ carnival... what an absurd carnival." (to the music of What a wonderful world)



If I can, I would like to spend the day reading  
 Steve Tolty's A Fraction of the Whole, which I am  
 really enjoying. But there is no pressure.  
 I am in no rush. I may even  
 decide to read outside, such a beautiful September  
 afternoon it is, with the black crows cawing alone  
 me. Maybe I'll check out my forums,  
 "Confused Philosophers in Chains" is what  
 I'm calling it these days, for now. Of course,  
 I'm in no way committed to anything.

"The faces of the city take on a supremely cruel  
 and indifferent quality when you wander through  
 it in the midst of a personal crisis. It's  
 depressing that nobody stops to hold your hand."

I switch positions - from sitting upon the flat rock under  
 the shade of the tree to sitting on the soft tall grass  
 around the rock with my back against the rock, now  
 I am directly in the hot sunbeams. I recall  
 Gena's sister from Matamoras, New Jersey, when she was  
 uncharacteristically kind to me, telling me I  
 ought to just sit under a tree reading a book.  
 This turns out to be the greatest revenge against  
 the busy ship of fools. This is living well.



It really doesn't get any better than sitting under a tree with  
 back against a rock, reading a great novel (what a surprise!) on a Sunday  
 afternoon, knowing so many others are wasting  
 their entire days at "church" or sitting on  
 a sofa watching some damn sporting event.  
 No, it just doesn't get any better than  
 pure bliss!

The bottle of ice water works its magic along with  
 the sunbeams. I am a walking plant sitting on the  
 ground. I have found my secret sacred place.

Perhaps, wherever I may roam, after several months,  
 I will have discovered a secret place where I  
 can be in solitude, away from the eyes and ears  
 of nosey gossiping neighbors, where I can smile my  
 Buddha smile, secretly knowing I have  
 somehow escaped many traps to reach this  
 "destination", determined not to lose this bliss,  
 determined to defend my MOJO from those forces  
 that would have me believe I was lacking  
 something essential.

In blessed communion with the inner kernel  
 of the ancient queen of inner space, there is nothing  
 to prove and there's no need to win.  
 There is no calculated formula I could teach, and  
 even if there were, who would believe me?



You drop it, I got it (2) prelude

31

Utter nonviolent <sup>revenge</sup> ~~bliss~~ - total fucking ~~revenge~~ bliss, this feeling inside of me - sitting against a rock in the sun under a tree, Drinking plenty of water, getting up every now and again to ~~the~~ pee. I didn't pay for my smoke, tobacco <sup>dropped</sup> on the ground is still free.

After a disappointing evening spent viewing an extremely anti-Germanic film by Spike Lee, I am sinking into a dark mood. I'm not sure if I can turn this disturbing "event" into a burst of creative energy, but I will surely try.

My only true audience is the core of my own Being. Do you understand this? My own heart is attempting to reach itself by articulating its truth through its intellect.

The disturbing effect the film had on me is by no means a complement to the director or writers of the film. My friend came out with some extremely knee-jerk statements that revealed to me just how effective the Hollywood propagandists have been in creating mass hatred toward Germanic peoples. He said, "Aint nobody worse than these damn Germans!" It's sickening how successfully the masses are manipulated.

DISGUSTED

↑  
essay



## THE LONELINESS OF MENTAL INDEPENDENCE

For quite a long time, years, in fact, for decades, I have been aware of the utter futility of trying to communicate my feelings. My recent attempts of the past seven years or so, to articulate myself in forums on the Internet have only made this awareness that much more intense.

Each time I sit and view some stupid film with someone, and through the entire film I am filled with contempt for Hollywood, realizing I am NOT falling for their propaganda, and simultaneously witnessing the spectacle of how effective such films are on brainwashing the ones I view the film with, I ~~have~~ drift ever further from the masses. My hostility toward Hollywood, the U.S. Military, everything patriotic, has grown so powerful that I feel that perhaps the time has come for me to cease ~~even~~ articulating my disgust with the masses. I want to forsaken attempts to reach the masses



once and for all. I will still interact here on these forums, but my <sup>goal</sup> ~~motivation~~ is not to communicate with the masses, for that is impossible. I cannot compete with the propaganda industries that shape people's thoughts and manipulate people's actions. Hearing F go on about how terrible the Germans are woke me up to the reality that I am, like Kurt Vonnegut Jr before me, "a man without a country."

Witnessing F's stony-eyed and naive acceptance of the film's anti-Germanic ~~the~~ themes pushed me deeper and deeper into my own heartmind, and forced upon me with ruthless clarity the hypocritical and stupid ways which most "Americans" actually relish the destruction of Dresden - well, they have no sympathy or empathy for Germanic people, no matter what the circumstances. After all, ~~as~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~way~~ <sup>as</sup> fucking Hollywood portrays everything, Germans are all goose-stepping, whereas "American soldiers" are portrayed as heroes. It makes me sick, and ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> breakthrough I am prepared to make this



evening is, about becoming quite indifferent to shaping public opinion. I actually suspect that I passed some kind of threshold, that my patience for stupidity, ignorance, and herd morality has reached an end. I don't care anymore.

might only write a beat down like I to communicate it effectively...

The price of my mental independence is loneliness, a price I pay gladly. My truth is so sacred to me, that at this juncture in my development, that I finally accept that my perspective, my worldview, is pearls before the swine when I attempt to communicate it. The forces that shape public opinion are too powerful to go up against. I surely have and will continue to resist being manipulated myself, but I will not waste too much energy at all attempting to articulate myself to "the world." I face the reality of being at odds with the world.



I also face the truth that even many of those I am befriended by can't be reached. So, what I mean to say is, the majority of people are quite wrong, quite brainwashed, and quite deeply under the influence of Hollywood and the propaganda of those who rule over the masses.

I am rapidly losing interest in public opinion, and each day I seem to care less and less about reaching those I feel a million miles away from. I pass on the masses from a considerable height!

Ignorance and stupidity are rampant throughout all classes and castes. I don't doubt that I am at odds with most people. The idea of educating the masses is ludicrous.

I will confess this to my readers at [isis.phpbb3now.com](http://isis.phpbb3now.com), and I will resign myself to writing my reflections in private.

I will not be wasting my life trying to communicate. I feel the need to express my heart uncensored and unrestrained. This is simply not possible in a public discourse, although I do try!



I am the sender and the receiver of my truth.  
The reason I need to write privately  
has to do with my mental independence  
and my clear hostility toward such  
things as "common sense", "patriotism",  
"positive thinking", "religious faith",  
ignorance, prejudice, and the tyranny  
of public opinion.

Do I walk in fear?

Honestly? Yes, I most surely do.  
I fear ignorance because ignorance is  
running our world, and ~~to~~  
I wonder if I can even defend myself  
against it! It will drive me  
insane if I do not make a stand.  
And yet, I do not have to make  
my stand publicly. I have  
tried that. Making a stand  
now entails becoming indifferent.  
In other words, I can no longer  
afford to care. I don't want to  
argue anymore. Having witnessed the error  
in most people's worldviews, I  
may drift into a ~~silent~~ deep silence.



M	T	W	Th	F	S	Sun
21	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29	30	1	(2)	3	4

43

Also, if I am still alive come October 3<sup>rd</sup> -  
could be October 1<sup>st</sup> or 2<sup>nd</sup> - I will make a serious  
effort to resist throwing precious dollars into the void.  
This will help me be less hateful. It is best  
if I face the stupidity and just STOP IT.

Although my current anti-Hollywood campaign has been  
inspired by F, this was certainly not his  
intentions. → In fact, he may catch on  
to my deepening sense of isolation when I  
display my indifference to being understood  
by him. This may be the beginning  
of my process of disappearing  
from the public radar.

While a handful may miss me, it  
really has become all too clear to me  
that my mental independence is quite powerful,  
much more powerful than Hollywood.

I am prepared to be hated by my fucking  
contemporaries, prepared to be misunderstood  
and mocked and ostracized.

My feelings can no longer be hurt because,  
now, instead of just blaming Hollywood,  
& the media, the ~~communist~~ ~~society~~ I also  
have become disgusted with friends, associates, family,  
and SOCIETY IN GENERAL. I AM DISGUSTED.



84  
The novel, A Fraction of the Whole is such good medicine for my soul. May it serve as a force that might help counteract the disturbing effect recent Hollywood propaganda has had on me.

I am impervious to the lies, and each time I am sitting there enduring the propaganda, I just feel that I much more alone upon witnessing how easily manipulated some people are.

F's comments against "Germans" got me angry, and I hid my anger. I let it stew. Now I will brood about it. I doubt Shalonda knows me, she may think she does, but I am fairly certain her TV-warped brain seeing as she seems impressed with Moneer's so-called "Knowledge of God", underestimates me, misunderstands me, and is not really interested in empathizing with me. I even suspect that my own nephew does not fathom where I am really coming from. I AM ALONE.



21 September 2009 Monday

45

I am so very alone in these united states of america.  
I dare not try to publish my works, my  
reflections, unless I publish them  
in Europe. Even Europe might not be  
very receptive to my bold dive  
into my rare intelligence.

It is enough just to witness my own thought  
processes and to truly love and care for  
my animal self; I no longer will anyone  
be able to hurt my feelings because I  
just don't care what anyone thinks,  
or says about me. I'll take on the  
entire mob!

Well, I can't do this physically, but  
I can do this MENTALLY. From within  
my own mind I declare WAR against  
stupidity. I declare WAR against  
mob mentality, against patriotism,  
against FLAGS, against PRIDE,  
against HONOR, against BULLSHIT,  
against SHAME, against GUILT, against  
diaper sniffing, against religious  
manipulation, against polite society,  
against bullies, against THE MASS SOCIETY.



21 September 2009 Monday

47

Scanning my mind, I notice I would repeat myself were I to just start writing the first thing that comes to my mind, but I really am a stream of consciousness writer...

I seem to live for "posting in the forums" on the website, [isis.phpbb3now.com](http://isis.phpbb3now.com). Today is no different, or is it? I have something to write, but will I make it "public" or "private"?

I welcome this change of heart I've had. Witnessing the effectiveness of Hollywood's propaganda on shaping the worldviews of the masses, and understanding the futility of trying to combat this phenomenon, I am resigned to write for myself, to think for myself, and to harden my heart.

Does Nietzsche have something to teach me about hardening my heart?

Who is my Teacher? The crows?

Political correctness is an obstacle to the seeking of My Truths. I face the fact that I am at odds with the world. For whatever reason, writing my subversive thoughts helps. It is a kind of revenge. I do not ask if my truth is permitted. Nobody is interested in what I have to say. This will not deter me from saying it. Dark Mind.



Each day I live a full life. Amazing how I never really get too bored. I will make a comment in the past about "American literature has abandoned poor whites."

"Which brings us back to the subject of the poor white underclass not being represented in American literature. What literature? All I see these days is shallow crap. Real literature helps us understand the world and the human condition. Obviously, that is no longer America's cup of tea."

I will once again direct people to Australia: Steve Toftz's first novel, A Fraction of the Whole.

excerpt: One day without warning Dad struck a resounding blow to our peaceful squalor: he got a job. He did it for my sake and never stopped reminding me.

"I could milk the social welfare system dry if it was just me, but it's insufficient for two. You've driven me into the workforce Jasper. I'll never forgive you!"



# A NOVEL OF IDEAS

Let's see. I have been writing extensive diaries ever since I was 12 years old, and even as I destroyed all notebooks from age 12 to 19 (1986), the ritual has been lifelong.

What do writers "do"? Writers write. I am a writer. Apparently I'm more of a writer than most. Some of my favorite novels have been a where the protagonist is keeping a diary.

Would it not be feasible to create an epic multi-volumed series of such novels just by taking excerpts from my personal diaries? ~~I~~ I am so unconcerned with practical matters, such as organizing my reflections into a "publishable work". The collection itself could be a masterpiece. Myself, I enjoy reading them.

It may be possible that my writing is improving, and that my most current notebooks would become the bulk of a published work, with the previous 130 notebooks serving as flashbacks. We shall see.



23 September 2009 Wednesday

55

I have to laugh when I hear about "rich Americans", and even when I hear about how "easy" it is for white males... I don't need to look to experts to tell me about myself. And yet, I am well aware that I am somewhat unique due to my being a philosophizing outcast. Whereas my nephew, guided by his wife, seems to be telling me to walk away from society into the wilderness, even if this means my death, my intuition is telling me that I could be something of a Voice for the Voiceless.

My life spent "reading" and "reflecting" has not been in vain. I have developed into a legitimate writer, a genuine philosopher — and I am not "all talk", not an academic, not a philosophaster. My lifestyle and attitude reflects my worldview. I have no interest in industry nor do I have any desire to own possessions.\*

Note: philistine = conformist, vulgarian, ignoramus, Babbitt, yahoo, peasant, bourgeois, boor, barbarian...  
poser = charlatan, fraud, sham, humbug, phony

\* I had once collected many books, but they became an anchor weighing me down.



24 September 2009 Thursday

I am feeling very lonely and depressed. Last night I was taken to the emergency/psychiatric ward due to belligerent behavior with the fucking police. This is getting old. I don't I will follow up...

All I really want to do is lay down. When I think of the journey back to New Jersey, I get discouraged. I am actually intimidated by the physical exhaustion involved in making my way back home... only to be homeless upon getting back!

This could be the reason I long for Death. Death seems to be the best thing in life, for it represents the end of this nightmare, this terror, this loneliness.

The fact remains that I am too lazy and too depressed to write a novel. The most I can do is write little essays... but isn't this what Cioran did? Idea? Maybe I may allow myself a break from writing so much. I am repeating myself often.



25 September Friday

59

I want to make a serious effort to stop hanging out with those who continuously attack my personality, put me down, enthrall me - basically mentally abuse me, mainly F, M, and whoever else I tell me I talk too much or whatever. I've had it.

Next month I will pay my debts, but I will change my impulsive behavior patterns. No more C. No more!

Ches → Nietzsche, Cioran, Lawrence, Schopenhauer, Novalis, Epictetus, Berkeley, Popper, Sartre, Rousseau... (Steve Tolty).

"He seemed especially to favor any writer who was a pessimist, a nihilist, or a cynic, including Céline, Bernhard, and the 'ultimate' poet-pessimist James Thomson... The City of Dreadful Night.

Women? Virginia Woolf, George Sand, Dorothy Parker, Simone de Beauvoir, Simone Weil, Mary McCarthy, Margaret Mead, Hannah Arendt, and Susan Sontag.

due dates Fraction 10/15  
V 10/16  
Gatto 10/19



[ Things I don't have to do: write a novel,  
 post on the internet, get married,  
 have children, have friends, save money,  
 get a job ... I live the life of the philosophizing  
 outcast. I don't have to write a story  
 about my life.

I don't have to finish coffee just because it's  
 there. I don't have to seek psychiatrists  
 just because I was instructed to do so  
 by hospital staff after police had ambulance  
 send me there.  
 I don't have to pay student loans  
 back. I don't have to live.]

What to do with my journals?

The ones I brought with me?

Into the dumpster. We'll see.

For now, I will try to write less.

name: philosophizing outcast

~~outcast~~ philosopher

~~AA confused outcast~~

→ the absurdist



Steve Toltz is giving me insight into myself.  
This freaking universe is speaking to me  
directly through the books!

Martin Pean "writes" that he "lost  
interest in his son because his son lost  
interest in him"

\* Isn't this why I have lost interest in  
my nephew? My nephew saw the  
apparent "failure" of gorbustons  
and has disillusioned I became  
with CROW & Joe Fili.

I am no longer a hero to my  
nephew, and this may be why I can't  
forgive him. And yet, what  
will he "do" after Robin?

Wow. I don't trust either of them.  
I mean, I don't think they are  
too honest with themselves and  
neither of them really understands where  
I'm coming from that I  
see they use the word "Univers-  
to I mean bloody YHWH.

I see right through that, sorry  
to say. Anyway. My nephew  
has lost interest in me. We go our  
separate ways. It's been happening since 2005.



How did I catch this "bug" for reading?  
 Was it "Christian Brothers" Academy?  
 I'm not sure. I've been crazy with the books  
 since I can remember ... age 19 ... during  
 jail, after jail. I've been writing  
 even longer.

Books bring me more pleasure  
 than alcohol or drugs. Really. This is no  
 lie. I don't need a counselor,  
 a psychologist, a therapist, AA/NA crap.

A psychiatrist? Perhaps for my insomnia.  
 I'd have to cease imbibing  
 alcohol. We'll see.

All I know is that, even as there is  
 a finite amount of worthwhile books,  
 life is longer than it seems.

And, as a truly educated and  
 well-read scholar/philosopher, I rarely  
 get to the point where I  
 would actually WANT A JOB to  
 "keep me busy." I am plenty busy  
 philosophizing ... I'm a damn book  
 worm! I'm a bloody scholar, Fred!  
 GODDAMN IT,



"Career criminals and philosophers have a surprising amount in common - they are both at odds with society, they both live uncompromisingly by their own rules, and they both make really lousy parent figures." ~ Jasper Dean (More Toltz)

How long since I have slept in a bed? January... nine months... two months outdoors... tent city... and homeless in the city in the winter... seven months on the floor in this apartment. I've become a cat, stretched out on blankets on the floor, unspoiled, a true minimalist, becoming harder, still reading voraciously. I am anxious to finish a good book to get to the next.

And nobody - especially damn F - wants to hear about what I'm reading. I have reached the end of my patience for those who merely endure my presence because they like to use me. I really have reached my limit.

People are going to see a deeper core of me. I am into these books.

I have NO PROBLEM isolating. I'll stock up on coffee, tobacco, some snacks... Next month - NO COCO! No bullshit.



current site description:

2009.09.26

## Confused Philosophers in Chains

We are those who lack air to breathe and no longer find life exactly pleasing, so we give empathetic expression to our displeasure and struggle to prepare the way for the general destruction of this iron-cast civilization of ours.  $\Sigma H \Xi$

V may be for "Vendetta", but H is for Heretic.  
H is for Hentuck. H is for Heinrich!

Knocked over and over again, I will spring back up like a Joe Palooka doll - eternal in my capacity for regeneration!

I am the fool who manages to triumph despite repressive and ordered systems. I will not go into details but I've been demolishing entire sectors of society at a rapid rate, allowing for real & tangible breakthroughs which translate into altered states of consciousness. Somehow I've been licensed to summon the "magical force of continuing life" and violate order with impunity.



Those who are drawn to my website may invariably be an alien or outlaw or philosophizing outcast within the social order living by his or her wits. The site could be a great place for ambiguous seekers to discover what they think. The great social order imposed on me is boring and creatively stultifying.

It was a rewarding feeling to enjoy a 530 page novel. I am not sure if I want to dive right into V for Vendetta or dabble in it along with Gatto's work, the pre-publication edition selling for \$115.00 on-line!

"One method people use to find out who they are becoming, before others do, is to keep a journal, where they log what attracts their attention, along with some commentary. In this way, you get to listen to yourself instead of listening only to others."

Also: "Books can serve as mentors if you learn to read intensely, with every sense alert to nuances. Books can change your life, as mentors do." ]

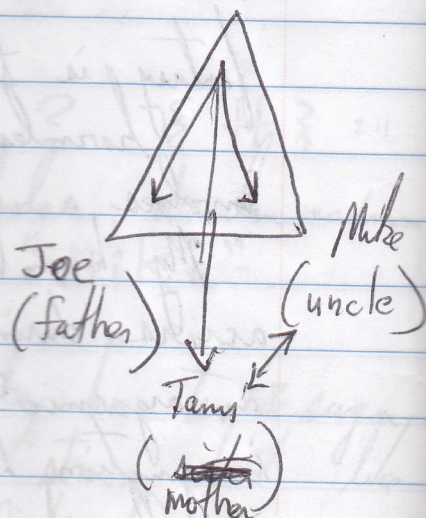
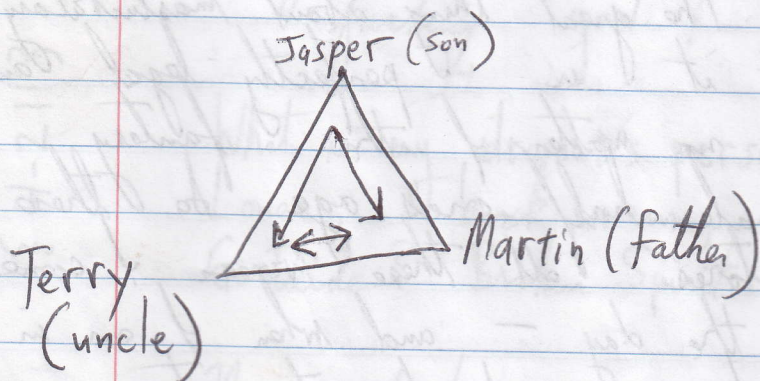


X<sup>o</sup>

My nephew returned my phone call... I really believe that he is like the Jasper Dean where I am, like Martin Dean - perhaps his dad is like Terry Dean... Aha —

Steve Toltz

Joe M Minichini



I told him to check out A Fraction of the Whole. When he's done, he may want to send a copy to Robin's son who is in prison. Maybe, it bothered me that my nephew simply lost interest in me... well, he's married. Steve Toltz's novel gave me insight into the phenomenon. I am keeping my nephew, wawara, on The Heretics. I also am keeping Nat and Whyjob ... and even Mattiust (from Australia).



I could hear it in my nephew's voice that our bond has not been destroyed, that it has survived this apparent disaster. My spirit may have become stronger.

I don't care that he believes in the soul and a personality that survives after the body dies. It really doesn't matter. We don't have to argue. It doesn't even matter that my

sister and her husband are fanatical Catholics. I forgive them. Ha ha hee hee.

Imagine that.

Could Steve Toltz's novel bring my nephew and I together, spiritually and intellectually? I mean, after I am dead, will he be motivated to sit down and compose his story, using my notebooks as an ACE IN THE HOLE? Does it matter?

All I can do is keep being who I am and keep writing and writing... I am a Martin Dean like character, and it just may be that my nephew is a Jasper Dean like character.

Maybe Robin is a character who really has "saved my nephew" from his own private Hell. My venturing out here forced her to stand by him, else I might have brought him back to Jersey when I return.



27 September 2009 Sunday

Whereas V for Vendetta is good reading for late at night, it seems that in <sup>the</sup> early morning, my brain may be "focused" enough to concentrate on the work of John Taylor Gatto. I <sup>am</sup> running low on coffee, and, of course, I have had no funds for tobacco since the 10<sup>th</sup>. I awoke this morning with the realization that the current description of my "website", Confused Philosophers in Chains, is quite significant and to the point, especially as far as ~~the~~ no longer finding life exactly pleasing and giving empathetic expression to our displeasure.

X  
The goddamn neighbor below singing like a sick cow is driving me outdoors for a brisk walk... I want to search for tobacco "snips" anyway.

X  
The early morning walk was good for me. Witnessing the crows (and a few seagulls) in the p-lots made me smile, and I began to whisper magically the way children and voodoo doctors sometimes whisper, putting myself in a trance state. While there was not much tobacco to be found, I did find some - enough for a few good bowls of smoke.



(I smoke this tobacco in the name of freedom!) 75

What is "the calculus of sniping"? A little bit of  $x$  plus a little bit of  $x$  plus ... plus a little bit of  $x$  equals a bowl of tobacco in my pipe AND SMOKE. Simple calculus.

If not coffee, then tea - that's an algorithm. To stretch the remainder of coffee until Friday the 2<sup>nd</sup> of October, I am going to be drinking lots of tea. When I run out of eggs - just plain rice will have to do for breaking my fast.

As early as 1784, a concerted effort was made by the Boston business community to overthrow town meetings, replacing them with a professionally managed corporation.

NOTHING THAT IS 50, IS 50. Today's school factories were a Hindu invention, designed with the express purpose of retarding mental development. How Hindu schooling came to America, England, Germany, and France at just about the same time is a story which has never been told. I guess we're stuck on the story about the crucified socialist from Nazareth. An educated population is a danger to PLUTOCRACIES.



(about 95% of India's population is lower castes)

About 95% of India's population is lower castes. Britain itself had driven its peasantry to ruin in order to create an coal-driven industrial proletariat for coal-driven industry.

"Drills" are an effective impediment to learning writing and ciphering, an effective control on reading development.



I wake from a nap in a foul mood, but as soon as I put my pen to the notebook, I begin to feel at ease. I feel at a loss as to what to "do" at my website. Haven't it all been said? All been hashed out? I'm rather bored. I have gas and just want to pass it, to smell it in privacy.

If I could sleep until Friday when the government relief check arrives, I would. If I had marijuana, I would most likely be more at ease. Am I hiding?

What kind of a drug is my website to me? What is the fix when I log on? Is it RADICAL enough anymore?

Is there any danger?

Perhaps I want to look into TRANCE STATES.



There is no rush to get through these books from the library. I will read what I am drawn to when I want to. Without access to cash, surely I will be "sober" for the next five consecutive nights.

Upon getting cash, I will exert much will in resisting the company of those who would take advantage of me. Forbidden thought: I am

tired of F criticizing me. The reason I write: to override the erroneous perceptions of those who are jealous of my mental independence.

Like Adolf Hitler before me, I am horrified by the vulgar level of the intellectual development of those I encounter - and as such, I am an outcast among outcasts.

President Obama makes me nauseous.

The idiocy of the police makes me nauseous. That my intellectual superiority is mocked makes me **ANGRY**. I am volatile.

I will drink tea and eat aspirins and smoke tobacco I picked up from the pavement. I will read a section in Cioran's *The Temptation To Exist* called, "BEYOND THE NOVEL" and I will unleash my vengeance through my literary work, my MEMOIRS.



(Way  
some  
)

How do I become even more radical and subversive than before? What am I to do with my RADICALIZED MIND? It's time to show off, but there is no audience but for, count 'em, 4 people ... at most 12.

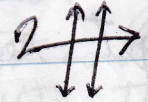
Is it a coincidence that, in the story of the Nazarene, there were 12 disciples? And even they abandoned him in his hour of need. We are so alone in this world.

ent to

My life is not merely novelesque, what, with the one-room apartment with no furniture, with me always ON THE FLOOR, surrounded by some books, loose papers, all over the place, filled notebooks with my "memoirs", my life-story would I be difficult to transfer to film. An outcast in the ghettos.

it for  
out  
The  
izing me,  
hide.  
the day,  
high, or

Angst Train of John Brunner's The Sheep Look Up — a revolutionary hiding in obscurity, every now and then causing some kind of commotion when I drunk, blaspheming heresies ... I need to rant.

I need a TRUTH FIX.  
Now, like PRINCE & THE REVOLUTION, my name is a symbol: 



There are brains in cages who are locked away from the outside world in the gulags and detention centers. Hollywood makes movies. The public is entertained. People are tortured.

What is beyond the novel?

Artists produce works which CONCEAL themselves. What about those of us who expose our lives to the public?

[ "We do not imagine Dante or Shakespeare keeping track of the trifling incidents of their lives in order to bring them to other people's attention. Perhaps they even preferred giving a false image of what they were." Cioran ]

In the end we are left alone in our prison cells. Each prisoner burdened by the consciousness of their existence. Medication has become the salvation of our tormented psyches. We are left with our inner lives. Those who have spent their lives developing their awareness of who they are may be rewarded when, faced with the inner torment of withdrawing from a drug, they may ... get relief.



I once said that my "writings" are a very long suicide note. I have so much to say that I may just die of old age. Thanks Steve Toltz.

How the hell did you write A Fraction of the Whole? I don't usually have patience for novels.

"Is there a single occurrence that is worth the trouble of telling about it?"

"What self-evident truth deserves the effort of being stated? What can be communicated is not worth lingering over. Are we to infer that only 'mystery' can arrest our attention?"

I am up against myself, in the position to inquire as to the futility of having a life, of becoming a character.

"That literature is destined to perish is possible and even desirable. What use is the comedy of our questions, our problems, our anxieties?"

Forbidden thought: I resist the colonization of my mind. I refuse to police my own deviance. I know myself better than any goddamn psychiatrist could! Shalonda was so RIGHT ABOUT THAT!



I have this need to confess my sense of vulnerability paradoxically to express my strength in the face of the human condition. I was wrong to assume that people would appreciate my INSIGHTS. People prefer ignorance and those who wallow in such ignorance will do what they can to Rob you of your Inner Wealth.

Will there be an audience appreciative of my insights or do I write for my own satisfaction and relief?

What makes Dostoevsky's Notes From Underground classic literature while these very confessions are to be believed (by me?) to be mere psychobabble?

It could be that my "scrabbings" are classic literature! How do I take my website to another level? Shall I just type up what I babble on about?

Is this not a more therapeutic way to get through life than to work at a JOB?  
NON PARTICIPATION IS DEVIANCE

\* explain how I made sense  
NOT TOO MUCH  
DETAIL!





[ "Vi Veri Veniversum Vivus Vici"  
 "By the power of truth, I, while living, have  
 conquered the universe." (FAUST) ]

2H

An eternity will pass before morning returns. ©  
 An eternity before 5 nights pass... ©  
 An eternity before 5 months pass... ©  
 And what becomes of me in March 2010?  
 Do I return to Freehold to sleep in a tent  
 on Beltaire Farm, eating at St. Peter's church,  
 searching for Nati... visiting Matawan?  
 Looking for a place to live?  
 What will be will be.

[ I would like to return to Freehold before I  
 die. I don't want to die so far from  
 where I "grew up." ]

[ I had to leave New Jersey to realize that  
 it is "home". But, for now, I am  
 3000 miles from there. I am out of  
 food. Four long days of eating rice  
 and black-eyed peas and split pea soup...  
 With this cast\* on it is nearly impossible  
 to make even PAN BREAD. Why do I write  
 these trifles? I will have to carry it all! ]

\* explain how I broke wrist  
 NOT TOO MUCH  
 DETAIL!

just about  
 at a  
 DEVIANCE



2009.09.28

I have no fear of the next three days as I have made it through tougher days. Does it help to think about Friday? Sure... I'll be sure to get food, some tobacco, a new pipe, some beer, some long pants and warm shirts-sweaters.

Until then though, John Taylor Gatto is blowing my mind. A mind like mine was I never meant to develop. Yes, I am a freak, but I am a "freak" because of my extraordinary "pathic" communications and my energy field.

On October 5th I have a doctors appointment in Auburn. I think I will actually enjoy the venture as I'll have some cash for smokes and for busfare and maybe a snack or 2. If I can make some headway into The Underground History of American Education, I believe I will have an edge on Obama Barrack and his campaign for longer school hours. What is he up to? He's such a gort.



About sterilization: Consider this: The first formal legislation making forced sterilization a legal act on planet Earth was passed, not in Germany or Japan, but in the American state of Indiana in 1927. Twenty years later, in the Nuremberg trials, Nazi physicians testified that their procedures were American. The German name for forced sterilization was "the Indiana Procedure."

2H

I'm making headway with Underground History, but I pause momentarily as I have redigged, upon reflecting on John Kennedy Toole's comic masterpiece A Confederacy of Dunces, and the major role Ignatius Reilly's mother played, that I might be able to include details about my own mother in my writings, especially when I return to New Jersey.

I do not want to laugh at her, but to laugh with her. On the phone, I can tell that her nervous twitch is coming back, poor girl. Her and I are very close, and I do miss her. I have several months before making the long journey back... One never knows, does one?



2H

2009.09.29

J. Gatto

[ Forced schooling is not about intellectual development, not character development, but the inculcation of a synthetic culture <sup>in</sup> of children, one designed to condition its subjects to a continual adjusting of their lives by unseen authorities ]

2H

Lack of humor is a touchstone of true belief.

2H

[ Schooling in concert with a controlled workplace is the most effective way to foreclose the development of imagination ever devised. Who spread these ideas? HEGEL !!!

Walt Whitman said, "Only Hegel is fit for America." Hegel shaped Karl Marx on the one hand and J.P. Morgan on the other. Hegel was the thinker who taught a generation of prominent Americans that history itself could be controlled by the deliberate provoking of crises. Hegel was sold to America largely by William Torrey Harris, who made Hegelianism his lifelong project and forced schooling its principal instrument in its role as a peerless agent provocateur. The psychological tool was alienation.

\* The trick was to alienate us from ourselves, so that we couldn't turn inside for strength !!! This is the essence of "scientific management."



[ Complex and active literacy produces a kind of character antagonistic to hierarchical, expert-driven, class-based society. So my antagonism is a natural consequence of my being well-read. I try to nap in the afternoon in an attempt to make the day pass. It seems to work.

Lately, the ashtrays at the local foodstore are always empty. It is as though there ~~was~~ is a concentrated effort by the management to deter me from passing through there. I am NOT A JOKE.

I have given up such idiotic concepts as honor, self-respect, nobility, pride, or any other pretentious vanity that would feed into the hallucinated social status of status quo values.

I am an angry HAVE-NOT who refuses to pay deference to the sports indoctrinated status quo. I shoot ANGRY looks at those who I see...

The only place where I seem to have allies is at the public library.

Somehow I have bonded with the YOUTH.

Two more full days of this Hell and I will get a little relief. I will pay back F but then NO MORE hanging out there.

I want nothing to do with his criticisms anymore. If I am a freak, then I will freak alone. Leave me be!



I am not going to race through the Gatto test, but will take my time. I seem to be drawn to it in the mornings and afternoons. At night, I like to venture into **BLACK HUMOR** or **DARK COMEDY**.

[ There is no doubt that I am a rebel rocker, a rebel comedian, a subversive humorist. George Carlin may have made money as an artist - a stand up comedian, a writer, but I am not selling any product, least of all myself. ]

I'm becoming more angry, less forgiving - **BITTER**, and yet I continue to turn within for strength.

Before I return to New Jersey I will have developed more inner strength. I left back in January quite naive about what I would be experiencing. I'm no longer quite so naive. I've hardened.

[ Even though I don't fit in out in the Northwest, I don't expect to fit in back home in the Northeast either. Welfare bum? Scholar-Warrior! Rebel Philosopher. Heretic Writer... **REFUSENIC**. **NIHILIST**. ]  
I'm going to start reading Chuck Palahnuick's **RANT**



One of the funniest things about my website is that most people don't have the mental capacity to even remember the URL address!

24

[ Do I believe in "ghosts"? Schopenhauer is guiding me? Schopenhauer had no use for Hegel or ~~Fichte~~ Fichte. Gatto informs us that Fichte told Prussia that the party was over, the children would have to be disciplined through a new form of universal conditioning. Through forced schooling everyone would learn that "work shall set you free", and working for the State, even laying down one's life to its commands, was the greatest freedom of all. No wonder Schopenhauer the Heretic Philosopher could see through such charlatan mouth pieces of the State like Fichte and Hegel!

I am ashamed that the roots of this lie in Prussia (Germany). The Prussian Mind had a clear idea what centralized schooling should deliver:

- (1) Obedient soldiers to the army
- (2) Obedient workers for mines, factories, and farms
- (3) Well-subordinated civil servants, trained in their function
- (4) Well-subordinated clerks for industry
- (5) Citizens who thought alike on mass issues
- (6) National uniformity in thought, law, and deed. ]

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2009. 09. 30

106

Heidegger, and I don't know much about him, was onto something when he focused on MOODS, when he saw ANXIETY is the natural state of BEING. What, for me, keeps this anxiety at bay? Having a warm dry place to store my "scribblings", a kitchen of some sort, a place to sleep where I won't get wet, a place to study books or simply to read dark comedy.

And yet, I am I prepared to carry the books and notebooks I've brought? If I do carry them, it will be symbolic, no?

I mean, I am very attached to the text "Data Structures, Algorithms, and Software Engineering in C" as well as the mysterious text on Compilers... and a few others... as well as my core philosophy books. Why? I want to study them. Why don't I study them now?

There always seems to be something else grabbing my attention. I read for pleasure, of course, and I always will as long as I shall live, but do I really need to keep searching the libraries for historical evidence such as what I find in Gatto's writings or Arundhati Roy's writings?



When I "own" or "keep" a book, I plan to study that book like a "bible".

When I borrow a book from a library I may be "reading a story" or doing research.

All this activity is part of my inner life, and I derive great strength from within myself. I have great confidence in my own thought processes, confidence that many lack.

My INTELLECT ~~is~~ may be quite intimidating. My intellectual superiority is the real thing. Many other kinds of "authority" are revealed as artificial when confronted with it.

What professional "medical" psychiatrists call MANIA, HYPO-MANIA, SCHIZOPHRENIA and the like are no different than what old priesthoods called DEMONIC-POSSESSION, WITCHCRAFT, ETC.

Let's be perfectly clear about this. It is well documented, and I am well-read on these investigations. I am a complex man with complex interests and a complex brain. It is safe to say I am in my own ORBIT.



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On Friday, when the government relief check arrives, after I have stocked up on food and gotten some long pants and sweaters at the Thrift Store, I will want to go to "Fred Meyers" to stock up on college-ruled notebooks, ink pens, and maybe even some kind of strong case to carry my journals and books in.

[ At the moment, I am "manic", "demonically possessed", what I will call wired with creative energy. The unconscious is "up to something" and "putting things together". While I am drawn to and fascinated with computer science and cognitive science, I am also aware that scientism is a religion, undeclared and godless, but not irreligious.

Brain-control experiments being explored in the psychophysical labs of Northern Germany in the last quarter of the 19th century attracted rich young men from thousands of plutocratic American families. Such mind science was the inspiration of H.G. Wells' Island of Dr Moreau. School was to be the temple of a new, all-inclusive civil religion. True belief expresses some social vision or, another, some "holy way" to arrange relationships, time, values, etc.,



in order to drive toward a settlement of the great question, "Why are we alive?"

Nowadays, God's will isn't offered as reason for the way things are arranged by men, although so many still actually fall back on that explanation. Now, SCIENCE and MATHEMATICS justifies things. Children are taught to ACCEPT the inevitability of their assigned fates in the Church of Reason, the SCHOOLHOUSE.]

\* I want to clarify to "Eater" the difference between "education" (which is learning) and "schooling" ~~and~~ which is cognitive/behavioral restructuring, obedience training.

[The little North German state of Prussia had been described as "a gigantic penal institution". Didn't Schopenhauer call existence itself a "penal colony". As did Kafka. We at HERETICS IN CHAINS call it "The Taker Prison". Myself, I refer to my current social position as ECONOMIC HOUSE ARREST. I am broke and the bars of my cage are this lack of money.]

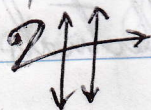


Attempts were made to cleanse society of irregular elements like BEGGARS, VAGRANTS, and Gypsies to turn Prussian society into a "huge human automaton". It was a state where scientific farming alternated with military drilling and with state-ordered meaningless tasks intended for no purpose but to subject the entire community to the experience of collective discipline.

Nowadays people talk about "technology" - and they imagine hardware. Maybe because of my training in computer science I am more aware of the software aspects of technology; and so I can see the technology of subjection.

The operating principles of administrative utopia are hierarchy, discipline, strict order, rational planning, a cell block, and welfarism. The technology of subjection is about the total surveillance and total control of the helpless.

The aim and mode of administrative utopia is to bestow order and assistance on an unwilling population: to provide its clothing and food. To schedule it.]





2H

[ There is a difference between education and schooling. A productive work-force, a large economy, high material standards of living, high-tech medicine, and a strong military could not have been accomplished without a second-rate system of education.

People make the error of equating material prosperity and power with education when affluence in the United States is built, not on education, but schooling. The truth is that America's global power and wealth is a direct product of a third-rate educational system, upon whose inefficiency in developing intellect and character depends. If we educated better, we could not sustain this corporate dystopia. Schools build wealth by tearing down personal sovereignty.

Very productive workers are deficient in their intellectual capacity. How many modern day CEO, Millionaires and businessmen have read Hermann Hesse? The French Revolution was regarded as the work of a horde of underemployed intellectuals... ]



[ Anti-intellectual schooling is determined by attitudes and needs of prominent businessmen. The crux of the difference between education and schooling is that education nurtures knowledge and comprehension, whereas schooling nurtures discipline and obedience. ]

[ Question: What is this phenomenon where some people hold "street smarts" to be far superior to book smarts? I mean, anything having to do with literacy is held up to be geeky or corny. What is this phenomenon if not blatant anti-intellectualism? Athletic achievement is held in much higher regard than intellectual development.

I am wondering if illiteracy is so socially humiliating that an entire collective defense mechanism has mushroomed into what can only be called WILLFUL IGNORANCE, as in "I don't want to read books because that's what geeks do. I'm street smart. I don't read no damn books!" ]

Please, anyone. I know Nat would have had some kind of response to this; but <sup>can</sup> anyone else give me insight into this anti-intellectualism?



Also, there is a belief "on the streets", that we are not on the verge of a class war, but on the verge of a war against all people who are classified as "white".  
Lastly, how are these two phenomena related, if at all?

2H  
The book (c 2004) by Arundhati Ray, "An Ordinary Person's Guide To Empire" arrived today. I put in a request for her c 2009 Field Guide to Democracy as well, but, now that I am "on a roll" in this somewhat challenging Gatto text, and because he is arguing in on the source and nature of the very ANTI-INTELLECTUALISM that has been messing me off my entire life, I will forge ahead with Underground History.

[ "An anti-intellectual and a hater of individuals" is how Richard Stites described Frederick W. Taylor - the asshole who had such an influence of uniformity and efficiency in factory work.  
"His system is the basis for virtually every twisted dystopia in our century, from death under the Gas Bell in Gungahin's We for the unspeakable



crime of deviance, to the maintenance of a fictitious state operated underground in Orwell's 1984 in order to draw deviants into disclosing who they are."

I feel I am really getting to the roots of the evil tree; and, no longer feeling at all embarrassed about my "uniqueness" or "standing out as a Presence of Mind", I am gaining confidence that I am very much a living, breathing "hero in the flesh".

I will not be made to play the role of a clown or "white boy", for I really am confident in my own thought processes.

My website, an offshoot of both gothbusters.org and whywork.org/forum helps me a great deal as an outlet for my subversive radicalization.

In "The War Against Free Thought", which I linked to the (private) Questions thread, I had the confidence to say, "Even with my depigmentated skin and Nordic ancestry, economically, psychologically, and socially, I have more in common with much of 'Black America' than President Obama. Why is it that Black intellectuals are free to hold the president's feet to the fire, but when I do, I could very easily be made out to look like a sick white brother suffering from an inferiority complex?"



I am truly inspired by the way so much is coming together, so much is interconnected. Nearly half-way through Underground History (177/400), I realize that Taylorism and scientific management is at the heart of dystopian novels like We, 1984, Brave New World, and Player Pianos and This Perfect Day — and that I am very much like ~~Winston~~ D-503 (H/211), Winston, John the Savage, Paul Proctor, and Chip! Not only could my vast posts on the Internet be a hidden treasure, but my diaries themselves, literally stored in chests like the works of Kit Marlowe, are also BURIED TREASURE. LSD anyone? ]

And I am IN THE FLESH. That is, there are witnesses all around me. The locals can't help but notice my daily ritual that I "dance" through like a KATA — my morning walk, my "picking up tobacco off the pavement and smoking it in my pipe," my dedication to my website... "working" furiously from morning into the night, utilizing both the "common computers" at Berkeley Ridge and ~~the~~ my ration of 2 hours at the library... and my occasional drunken radio jams. NOW... I back to the BOOKS!



21

[ Psychology was a business from the start,  
an aggressive business lobbying for jobs  
and school contracts. Russell mistrusted  
what he called psychologism.

I wonder if there are such things as  
GHOSTS. If so, Arthur Schopenhauer,  
call upon you to be with me and  
guide me. Check this out:

(This gives clues as to why it doesn't matter  
whether ~~the~~ the president is ~~white~~ white  
Republican George W Bush or black democrat  
Barack Obama)

Fabian practitioners developed Hegelian principles  
which they co-taught alongside Morgan bankers.  
One HEGELIANISM was that to push  
ideas efficiently it was necessary first to co-opt  
both political Left and political Right.

By infiltrating all major media, by  
continual low intensity propaganda, and with  
the ability, using government intelligence  
agents, and press contacts, to  
induce a succession of crises\*, they  
accomplished that feat.

\* The government-created crisis, masquerading as an unexpected  
external provocation, is elementary HEGELIAN strategy.



No wonder Schopenhauer screams at us from beyond the grave, warning us against Hegel !!!]

A nation which has decided to suspend its democratic traditions with a period of martial law (under which permanent social reordering would occur) might arrange a series of "terrorist" attacks upon itself which would justify the transformation as a defense of general public safety.

24

[ They are moving with military precision all along the line to get control of the education of the children of the land. How does the system prevent ~~from~~ mentally independent individual teachers (like Joseph D. Felt or John T. Gatto) who have a disturbing proclivity to stress development of intellect from becoming role models and mentors?

Two solutions were proposed about 1903 to suppress teacher influence and make instruction teacher proof. (1) grow a hierarchy of non-teaching administrators (principals, assistant principals, subject coordinators, guidance counselors). (2) the standardized test (and subsequent test scores) would signal the presence of deviant teachers who strayed too far from approved texts, ]



[ Schopenhauer, behold me! Hegel, that charlatan, is regarded as "the most influential thinker in modern history"! No wonder modern history has gone to Hell. Hegel was important wherever strict social control was an issue. Ambitious states couldn't let a single child escape, said Hegel! ] 2H

[ When did "the Heinrichs" come to North America and become "the Hentrichs"? Let's see.

Dad 1941 ... -21 ... Carl H 1920? -25 Aug 1895?

Probably around 1910 or so ... By 1882 there was a struggle to preserve the "American social order". European immigrants, which the Hentrichs would have been, were polarizing the country. There was to be an official American highway, its roadbed built from police manuals and schoolteacher training texts.

Between 1890 and 1920, when my ancestors arrived in the USA "complete medical control" was launched with a vengeance. Few intimidations are more effective than the threat of a stay in an insane asylum. Between 1890 and 1920, those condemned to institutional confinement more than doubled. ]



"Competing with Latin/Slav/Celtic folkways seemed to discourage reproduction among families of the old stock."



1 October 2009 Thursday

How long this month lasts... Even with the debts I must pay, I will once again be RELIEVED just to be able to get food, some tobacco, some beer - and to pay rent, bills, debts.

Surely I suffer along with others. Won't people witness my patience with poverty? Does it not account for something?

2H

[ Gatto's work continues to attract my undivided attention. Right on time I get to the section covering "eugenics" - after World War I. - and the role of the new discipline of psychology played. \* Military consumers must wear uniform, eat food, fire rifle. Guaranteed customers is a benchmark of the commercial millennium.

Because too many immigrants in America actually favored Germany over England in the WW-I conflict, and since the managerial class of the "colonies" was drawn from Church of England gentry and aristocrats, there was pressure to socialize German children as ENGLISH. ]



8 October 2009 Thursday

My eyes opened this morning and I faced my "depression" squarely. I immediately began to prepare coffee and the bigger project: preparing 15 bean soup... chopping garlic, onions, celery, pork, bell peppers. A representative from Bank of America called selling death insurance, which she called "life insurance" for "accidental death". Here I am, frequently contemplating suicide just to endure the meaninglessness of "survival", and I had not taken a sip of coffee yet. I was in the middle of cutting up onions, making soup. I finally hung up with, "The answer is NO. NO THANK YOU!"

My nephew called returning my call from last night. I explained my dark mood and that ~~the~~ preparing homemade soup was lifting me up out of a depression. He and Robin were off to Seattle...

I guess I just have to let go of our past "closeness" and begin to focus entirely on my OWN "DEVELOPMENT". FOCUS WITHIN.



Collecting "social security" disability and having section 8  
 rental assistance is economic house arrest.

How would I exist without this? I am  
 always so close to being put out into the  
 streets. This must fill me with fear.  
 This world is a nightmarish place.

Chicago

3-2-2010

8PM

Amur

Will I make it to March 1st 2010, when I  
 will catch a TAXI CAB into Seattle to the  
 train station and make my way back to  
 Jersey via Manhattan, New York?

Where does my fear come from? Uncertainty.  
 I don't know where I will end up  
 living. I will have to leave it in the  
 lap of the gods. I am still concerned  
 about my nephew. I wonder if he is OK.  
 I wish I could reach him but he  
 seems to have shut me out. There is an  
 emptiness in my heart where I lost such  
 a soul brother. He just doesn't  
 exist like that for me anymore,  
 and I mourn the loss. So I face  
 the world alone without any brothers,  
 without a tribe, without a people.



24

146

Will the pain and loneliness I feel subside <sup>if</sup> when I return to New Jersey? I will want to be able to get to my mother by bus, to get to Freehold by bus as well. Should I return to Monmouth County or try Ocean County? I am confused. It was a nightmare leaving Jersey, but the nightmare is really I just experiencing America as it is. It's not just New Jersey that is living Hell. Perhaps rather than try to physically get out of Hell, I am going to want to attempt to get out of Hell mentally.

Are most human beings really utterly miserable creatures? Why does Fred have such little patience with people? Why is he so hateful? Wasn't Shalonda kind of hateful too? What is that?

Do some people pride themselves on being cruel, ugly, mean-spirited, and cold-hearted? Do they see tenderness and sensitivity as weakness? Nobody seems willing to be vulnerable.



So, human creatures are dangerous, volatile,  
and often abusive. Devils in  
human form here to torture the souls  
of animal life? What?

Why can't more people be like Arundhati  
Roy? ZH.

I called my nephew and was surprised to  
hear how much warmth is flowing from him  
and Robin. I really want to begin  
to HEAL. Why has this  
"bad seed" in me taken root? Is this  
Karma? Is this "the Devil"?

This is what is the reality that the concept  
of the Devil refers to. Myths are real.  
Myths explain reality. What is this  
in us that brings about our  
catastrophic activity?

My nephew has a vision of acquiring  
land where we might be able to  
experiment with living without money,  
without Electricity or plastic.



Speaking to my nephew healed me of some of my dark pain. My nephew seems to think that where I am now living is a reflection of my "inner state", I all my  
ANGST.

Is any of this really real?  
It can't last forever. A door will open and I will be free to leave Federal Way. But I will need money to travel back.

What happened to ANTI-OEDIPUS?  
What happened to overcoming PADDY-MOMMY-ME complexes? The guy who wrote that book, Deleuze; he committed suicide by jumping ~~at~~ off a balcony from the third floor of a hotel.

Pain? Heartache? My nephew seems safe, I mean, he doesn't sound suicidal at all. He is very attached to Robin. He has great love for her. She sounded very warm on the phone... She sends me warm vibes. I wonder why I was so suspicious of her all this time? She "took" my best friend...



021  
40  
Real literature helps us understand our world and the human condition. This is not America's cup of tea. The public seems to prefer shallow crap.

And yet, what use is the comedy of our questions, our problems, our anxieties? Do I still get some 'relief' through writing? I understand that many are not at all interested, and that life itself keeps most of the 6 billion people on this planet occupied with staying alive.

I did not begin writing a journal way back in 1981, at age 14, so as to write a book. I had secrets I wanted to express. I liked Allison Gray. She was my original Muse. I believe that many people hated me back in Freehold, especially when I lived in "The Tank House". There were many "vulgar" heads who spread lies about me... There is very little love for me in this world. I came out west, and I notice there is not much love for me here either. My superior intellect offends. I'm offensive.



10 October 2009 Saturday

152

I awakened in the usual dark mood ... but I did rest in a hot tub of ebsen salts, drank coffee, ate eggs, helped my mother over the phone with her computer. She wants to buy me an inflatable mattress.

What I will do at Isis is just eliminate the group "Heretics in Limbo". I don't think I want my nephew in "The Mephi".

Why not? The lack of participation - that's all. I require the Mephi to at least participate in the dialogue, and not just "lurk" and "spy".

Today I want to get back into reading John Taylor Gatto so I can move on to Arundhati Ray. It is becoming clear to me that what really matters is my inner life. What others think of me is an image in their minds and only affects me indirectly.

24

[ "Schools were behavioral engineering plants. What remained was to convince kids and parents that there was no place to hide."

1965 ESEA allowed for "interventions" by psychologists, psychiatrists, social workers, agencies, and various specialists. ]



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[ all were invited to use schools as satellite offices, in urban ghettos, as a primary office. Now it was the law. ]

The economy depends upon creating demand for whatever stuff machinery, fossil fuel, and industrialized imagination can produce. Consumption became the most important end in itself. Good consumers are heroes to machine society; the frugal are villains. ]

[ The corporations which provide employment, endow universities, museums, schools, and churches, actually have a life-and-death stake in the formation of "correct" psychological attitudes among children toward production and consumption. Schools are about creating loyalty to certain goals and habits. Spirits are dangerous. Mass production depends on discontent... Spiritually contented people are dangerous for many reasons. They don't make reliable servants because they won't jump at every command. Corporate and financial capitalism are hardly possible on any massive scale once a population finds its spiritual center. ]



\* The ambition to know everything appears in the Old Norse god, Odin, god of Mind and god of Family Destruction, too. No other mythology than the Norse puts pride of intellect together with a license to pry so at the center of things. Nothing can be forbidden!

2H

[ The Dalai Lama says that love and compassion are human necessities, that forgiveness is essential, that Western education lacks a dimension of heart, that Americans need to rely more on inner resources. Our present system alienates us so sharply from inner genius, most of us are barred from being able to ever to hear our calling. ]

I may just have to drop everything and accept that there is ZERO chance of ever becoming very wealthy ~~like~~ as an honest man.

I have to love what I am doing, right?

Only love can induce you to walk across deserts, sleep in the wilderness, hang out with shady characters, and suffer scorn from all the established and conventional folks who pay deference to the dominant culture.

J, { H | 2 11 }, am most likely, "the Second Coming of Christ."



24

More bullshit I hear: "Can you believe this guy is still alive?"

I am studying the very things I need to know at this time. For instance, I know that I need love and compassion. I am seen as a "very easy target".

This is all an illusion giving me the advantage should anyone want to trap me in a corner. The place I look for strength is WITHIN ME.

Do people want to see me get hurt?  
Do people resent my spoken words because they are INSULTED by my INTELLECT ???

My genius is so powerful that it offends people without even trying. Mitch and Fred ganged up on me psychologically because they both recognized my AUDACITY, my sheer confidence in my own thought processes.

No matter what is said about me as far as my "talking too much", I have witnessed how oppression, tyranny, and



the colonization of minds occurs within the black community, and I, for one, refuse to be manipulated in such a manner where Truth is silenced.

This has ~~nothing~~ more to do with my individuality than I with my "ganes".

Let of the Spirits I hold no - the Second Coming of Christ!

Let people I underestimate me and see me as an easy target. I am an immortal. That's what I said!

They told me... get this: that I need to get a TV so that I can sit with a woman - because a woman isn't going to want to sit there and just stare at me.

They said I need to clean my apartment, get some furniture, and get a TV! To get a female to be with me.

I said, "If that's the way it is, then I'm going to have to cop out of this species."

Where is this leading? When people tell me I am lucky to still be alive after hearing me speak, I imagine that an fortunate that most know nothing of what I write.



2H

The problem with "rational thought" is that it misses the deepest properties of humanity: our feelings of loneliness, our need to love.

The Earth is not the center of your personal life. The truth is that both psychologically and spiritually, you are the center of the solar system and the universe. There is no need to be modest or to try to hide this fact.  
 "Do nothing. Time is too precious to waste." ~ Buddha

[ Our society is an arena of dishonesty, emotional and intellectual dependency, and surveillance. We are always being watched. Like in Orwell's 1984, there is nowhere to hide. Our avoidance behavior is a signal that we "should" be watched even more closely than the others. Privacy is a thought crime. Schools, workplaces, churches, group therapy cults, etc., all see to it that there is no private time, no private space no minute uncommanded...



There is an obsession with structure, to-do lists, house cleaning, errands, medical policing and the counseling arm of thought patrols. No, I don't need to write a novel like We or 1984 or This Perfect Day, for I am LIVING IT IN THE FLESH.

The crucial difference in my narrative, which is not fiction but autobiographical, is the centrality of descendants from Africa in my personal life — While I maintain a high degree of mental independence, it seems that, whenever I encounter or become "close" to dark-skinned peoples, there is a open hostility to my "intellect".

While I said I admitted to being attracted to my "brain", she also attacked me for my railing against those who uphold the status quo by reporting to a job while I "sit up there" high typing into the "computer".

[ In our current economy, the real political dilemma everywhere is keeping people occupied; jobs are invented by government agencies and corporations; both employ



001  
24  
millions and millions of people for which they have no real use. It's an inside secret that should you need to cause a rise in stock value this can be engineered by eliminating thousands of useless jobs. This is done regularly.]

By inventing our own "work" (calling, vocation), we might cause shocks throughout the economy.

[ Our modern system of schooling produces children who lack compassion for misfortune, who laugh at weakness, who betray their friends and their family, who show contempt for people whose need for help shows too plainly. ]

[ Is it no wonder that these children develop into adults who can't stand intimacy or frankness, people who masquerade behind personalities fabricated from watching television and other distortions? Behind these masks lurk crippled souls. ]



[ As people are aware of their own crippled souls, they tend to avoid intimate relationships because the close scrutiny demanded would expose their shallowness. With all these damaged spirits out here, it is no wonder that I prefer solitude. Materialistic people assign a price to everything and they avoid spending too much time with people who promise no immediate payback. ]

This is what I have come to discover by studying the "advice" given me by Fred, a 60 year old, Black bachelor, that there is much error in his thinking - and, ~~para~~ ironically, he (as well as Mitch) tries to instruct me thinking my ideas/behavior quite ridiculous and absurd. They have been conditioned to rank everything into simple-minded categories (Black versus "Anglo-Saxon"; strong vs weak) by the implied judgement of a cash price, deemed an infallible guide to VALUE.



2H

[

In A Study of History, Arnold Toynbee wrote, "a lower middle class which has received secondary or even university education without being given any corresponding outlet for its trained abilities was the backbone of the twentieth century Fascist Party in Italy and the National Socialist Party in Germany. The demonic driving force which carried Mussolini and Hitler to power was generated out of this intellectual proletariat's exasperation at finding its painful efforts at self-improvement were not sufficient." ]

Our society has no adequate outlet of expression for its artists, dancers, poets, painters, farmers, film makers, whiskey makers, intellectuals — no outlet except for corporate work.

2H

While reading John Taylor Gatto at around 6 PM, I drifted off into sleep. I awakes at 9:30 PM after dreaming about Mom and chocolate chip cookies.



I may be able to get through The Underground History of American Education tonight so as to return it tomorrow. I know I am digging a book when I take extensive notes and I then "broadcast" those notes in my own diatribes. I have recently resurfaced at [whywork.org/](http://whywork.org/) forum to challenge "you get a job" and Ergasiophobic who have turned out to be quite hostile to any ideas which attack the notion that "civilization is good for us".

2H

[ "Owners of the new mechanical technology created a new technology of social control through abundant use of police, spies, sabotage, propaganda, and legislation ... ]

[ Gatto examines the perplexity of the corporate state. What is a modern scientific state to do with its masses once they have been degraded to the ranks of proletariat, and then further rendered superfluous by a stream of inventions? Isn't this the problem Kurt Vonnegut explored in his first novel, Player Piano? - the one inspiring me to create [isis.phpbb3now.com](http://isis.phpbb3now.com), initially naming the site THE GHOSTSHIRT SOCIETY ]



701  
27  
[ Kurt Vonnegut Jr must have had insight into the danger educated proletariat becomes when unemployed when he wrote, *Player Piano* (1952), where college-educated "workers" had to report their status to the local police department the day they became UNEMPLOYED.

I may be able to make some breakthroughs and ground-breaking strides in my "research" tonight. I am drinking coffee at 10:30 PM, so I am preparing for a night of burning the midnight lamp.

"In the society just ahead, one profession has astonishingly good prospects. I'm referring to the various specialties associated with policing the angry, the disaffected, and the embittered. Because school promises are mathematically impossible to keep, they were from the beginning, a Ponzi scheme like social security." ~ Gatto

Another ominous sign: the increasing use of police and armies to protect private interests. ]



[ "School is a jobs project for a large class of people it would be difficult to find employment for otherwise, in a frightening job market, one in which the majority of all employment in the nation is either temporary or part time." ~ Gatto ]

[ Research Freud's nephew: 400 years after Niccolò Machiavelli wrote his treatise on scientific deceit, Edward L. Bernays began to practice the scientific art of deception. A decade earlier Bernays argued that language could be used successfully to create new realities. ]

[ "The need for invisible government has been increasingly demonstrated, the technical means have been invented and developed by which public opinion may be regimented. We are dominated by a small number of persons who understand the mental processes and social patterns of the masses. It is they who pull the wires which control the public. The conscious manipulation of the masses is an important element in a democratic society. Those who manipulate this unseen



mechanism constitute an invisable government  
which is the true ruling power in America"  
~ Ed Bernay]

[ What indoctrination strategies are used for  
building and using psychological tools to  
create compliant children?

Once the doctrine of "exclusive salvation" for  
the cooperative (and damnation for the  
critic) is clearly established, rulers will  
never be seriously questioned.

People like myself may love to make do with  
what they have, but resourcefulness and  
frugality are criminal behaviors to a  
mass production economy, such  
examples threaten to infect others  
with the same fatal sedition.

People love to attach themselves to  
favored possessions (like I was attached  
to my library of books), even to  
grow old and die with them.  
I like to walk, but this man-made Hell  
is now laid out so it is increasingly difficult



to exist without a motor vehicle. Besides, this, even teenagers look at me like something must be seriously wrong with me because I "don't drive."

I do not exaggerate when I claim to be a highly unique rarity in our society - east coast or west coast or west coast.

Things are kept light in an effort to hold down rebellion, but I am usually quite "deep" and "heavy."

Only 1 person in every 16 reads more than one book a year after graduation from high school. How many books have I read this year, thus far? What is my rate? I do not keep track, but within a one month period, I guess I read at least 6 books - and they are usually rather "heavy".

John Taylor Gatto suggests we read Tolstoy's *Death of Ivan Ilych* for a shock of inspiration about what really matters. Breaking the hold of fear on our lives is the first step.



[ "School can never deal with really important things. Only education can teach us that guests don't always work; that even worthy lives most often end in tragedy; that money can't prevent this; that failure is a regular part of the human condition; that you will never understand evil; that serious pursuits are almost always lonely; that you can't negotiate; that money can't buy much; that really matters; that happiness is free." ]  
 ~ John Taylor Gatto ~

[ "The history of the Hmong yields several lessons that anyone who deals with them might do well to remember. Among the most obvious are that the Hmong do not like to take orders; that they do not like to lose; that they would rather flee, fight, or die, than surrender; that they are not intimidated by being outnumbered; that they are rarely persuaded that the customs of other cultures, even



those more powerful than their own, are superior, that they are capable of getting very angry. Those who have tried to defeat, deceive, govern, regulate, constrain, assimilate, or patronize the Hmong, have, as a rule, disliked them intensely."

Anne Fadiman: *The Spirit Catches You and You Fall Down*

"If they mean to have a war, let it begin now"

2H

→ I can return Underground History tomorrow.

Now I begin Arnoldhati Roy's An Ordinary Person's Guide to Empire...

In April 1967, Stokely Carmichael described the draft as "white people sending Black people to make war on yellow people in order to defend land they stole from red people."

Perhaps what I dislike most about Barack Obama is that he is the exact opposite of a militant revolutionary. While he appears to be the embodiment of Black people's dreams of material



051  
success, he, in fact, like Colin Powell and  
Condoleezza Rice, represents the Great  
Betrayal.

Most likely I will finish An Ordinary  
Person's Guide to Democracy before morning.  
Sleepless tonight. Perhaps I  
will look for the book by Tolstoy  
tomorrow. If not, I am sure I  
to enjoy Chuck Palahniuk's RANT.

12 October 2009 Monday

Well, the gorts "celebrate" goddam Columbus  
Day today, but it seems that the library  
will still be open. I'll look for The Death  
of Ivan Ilich by Tolstoy. Tolstoy himself  
found Arthur Schopenhauer to be  
the wisest man to ever walk the earth.

If Woodmont Library doesn't carry the book, I will  
simply have to put in a request for it.

I also feel drawn to Paul M Churchland's

The Engine of Reason, the Seat of the Soul: A  
Philosophical Journey into the Brain

(Cognitive Science / Philosophy). Well, I  
may even be inspired to get back into Husserl and  
Merleau-Ponty... PHENOMENOLOGY



I had tried to reread Edward Abbey, but it kind of turned my stomach as I sensed he was kind of racist, sexist, and ultimately somewhat anti-intellectual. I brought/carried about 30 books with me from New Jersey; seeing what happened to most of them, I realize I brought them with me for safekeeping.

Now, perhaps it is due to being off psychiatric medication for nearly a year now (10 months), but I find I am able to read more and retain the information better.

Perhaps it is the black cover and orange letters of THE ESSENTIAL HUSSERL: Basic Writings of in Transcendental Phenomenology, combined with the season, but I do feel more at ease with my own cerebrality. So, I add this to The Engine of Reason for me to dabble in in between library readings. If I am really calm and open-minded, I may even meditate on "Data Structures, Algorithms, and Software Principles in C" by Thomas A. Standish. Computer science blends mathematics, science, and engineering activities more intimately than other sciences do. Edmund Husserl began as a mathematician.



[ There is great paradox and irony in the fact that I am judged as mentally ill or somehow "inferior" simply because I do not own a vehicle or report to a job, when the reality is that my extraordinary intelligence disables me from becoming a useful, obedient worker. ] My superior intellect offends...

2H

My mother wants me to find an inflatable mattress which she will pay for. I would have to leave it behind when I leave here. I have every intention of leaving, and I will return (God willing) to the area I was raised with a greater appreciation for both my parents as I have surely missed their presence in my life.

People don't care for people in our society, and my nephew is simply too wrapped up in his own "LSD trip" to be any kind of friend to me out here. I am almost positive that, after I leave the state of Washington, I will no longer "miss" my nephew's presence in my life, for I have truly experienced his aloofness. I walk alone. I'm just trying to get back home. The old me is dead and gone.



What now? What next? Reading yet another gritty and dirty novel by Chuck Palahniuk, I must I likely I the inheritor of Kurt Vonnegut's place in American literature...

Palahniuk writes for hard-core devotees drawn to the wild, angry imagination. Isn't it possible to bypass the novel and just write autobiographically on the edge of crazy? I have a desperate urge to get at the truth of things.

OPTIMISM IS A LIE.

[ There are those in the United States with children in the military fighting as soldiers in the Middle-East... I who believe they are fighting for my personal security. It's enough to make one sick.

Many people are very stupid. In such an environment, isn't it best to HIDE one's true feelings lest one bring trouble to oneself? Violence intimidates us to hide in obscurity. Privacy is sacred. In solitude I get to the truth of things. ]



2H

In solitude I discover loneliness, but in this loneliness I face the truth of things. In solitude, I conquer the universe, this LSD-trip-like experience...

Where to focus the laser beam of pure consciousness? What is the purpose of reading a novel such as RANT by Palahniuk? Entertainment? I am more drawn to reading to LEARN. What about the "look, listen, and learn"? matriarchal

Part of me is very cerebral... reading, writing, thinking, philosophizing... I am the "lower middle class" intellectual proletariat who is exasperated at finding my painful efforts at self-improvement have not been sufficient. Does such a phenomenon lead to fascism?

What is an intellectual proletariat to do? How does someone like me even come into existence? Like the Buddha, I do nothing.

Time is precious. I want to spend my precious time doing nothing but reading and thinking. I refuse to be a slave in Obama's army. I AM I!



2H

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2H

And so I take a look at the "diaries" I brought along with me, wondering if I should discard them. Secret Writings (volume #102 of my notebooks) is the first... up to volume #125 - and then there are several I've written since arriving in Washington state 10 months ago.

H<sub>102</sub> → 12 October - 25 October 2007, exactly 2 years ago! What SPIRIT guides me this morning? What kind of HOLY GHOST guides me? On page 5 of H<sub>102</sub> is an excerpt from notes taken from H<sub>83</sub> (summer 2004):

"The writer seeks his reward in the release from the burden of his thoughts; and, indifferent to all else, cares nothing for praise or censure, failure or success."

I am really considering presenting some diaries and books to my nephew as a "gift" before I leave in March, 2010.



I will go through  $H_{102}$  -  $H_{125}$  once again to see which ones I might leave with him... and, during this process, I may want to 'transcribe some excerpts' into *Mein Wahrheit*.

From  $H_{102}$  (October 2007): "When we strain to tell the truth, we can't help but speak poetry."

also, check out *Forbidden Planet* by W.J. Stuart

$H_{102}$  p 25: "The Devil is the original source of the universe; God is just an anthropomorphic concept concerned with human society."

If I do decide to give my nephew several of my diaries, it would symbolically and spiritually bring us closer together while I am still alive and even after I am "dead".

$H_{102}$  goes right to the heart of the matter quickly: PHENOMENOLOGY, the Devil, etc. Also, I really feel compelled to reread/study P. Churchland's *THE ENGINE OF REASON*.



2H

The greatest aspect of being "unemployed" is that, if one is so inclined, one could wake up at 5AM as I did this morning, drink 4 cups of coffee while "organizing" thoughts and contemplating, eat some food, and then by 9AM, just when one might usually head out the door to the library or something, one can GO BACK TO SLEEP! Time is precious. Doing nothing is precious - a great way to endure time is to DO NOTHING.

2H

Going back to sleep at 9AM, I sleep until 11AM and feel as content as a "cat". The best revenge is "living well". Dream Recall? Well... there was some kind of amusement park in the beginning. By the end, some kind of parallel between Nazi Germany 1930 and the United States 2009. (?)

The peasants starve and the police are kept well-disciplined and well fed.

Myself, I have a tremendous capacity for psychological insight into my own actions for I have found access to the unconscious.



Hence, I involuntarily exercise an influence on my environment. The deepening and broadening of our consciousness produces the kind of effect primitive peoples called "mana". This is an unintentional influence on the unconscious of others.

"No need to elaborate words ~ merely say something that can be murmured into the ear of a drunkard or a dying man." ~ Quran

Phenomenology is just another word for "self-observation".

Besides the \$889.00 bill for the ambulance (for the 6/13 trip to the hospital when my mother called the suicide hotline and the police handcuffed me and strapped me into the ambulance), I've been billed by St. Francis Hospital \$4,600.00 !!! I called the debt collector, telling them I have no intentions of paying the fucking bill. What crooks!

Dirty stinking Healthcare system is run by this mafia-corporate state. I'm glad to have only four more months here in this stinkin' fascist Federal Way police town.



2009.10.13

2H

I am fairly certain I will be presenting my nephew with a bunch of journals as a gift to remember me by and to inspire him in a time of need; there is some crucial stuff in H 102 of October 2007.

"The human brain is a kind of search light that projects a beam of 'attention' on the world. We do not really have a trick of focusing and concentrating the beam; and yet it does happen fairly often. The sexual orgasm is actually a FOCUSING OF THE 'BEAM' OF CONSCIOUSNESS (attention). The beam of attention suddenly holds more power; and the result is a feeling of intense pleasure."

"The inspiration of poets is exactly the same thing. By some fluke, by some accidental adjustment of the mind, the beam of attention is polarized for a moment, and whatever it happens to be focused on appears to



be transformed, touched with "the glory and the freshness of a dream."  
 Mystical VISIONS are exactly the same thing, but more like a laser beam.

Life has been made dull by civilization. We need all these external distractions (TV, radio, books even) from the EMPTINESS and NOTHINGNESS within. But life is dull only because of the vagueness of our beam of attention.

~~Saying~~ saying that attention is a beam is the same as saying that consciousness is intentional. Attention is a laser beam. This is the fundamental secret. Now. How do we polarize this beam?

When we ask ourselves, "WHO AM I?" (in the deepest sense), we stand as pure consciousness confronting the universe. The vitality of most people is controlled by subconscious forces of which they are not aware. What happens as we do become aware of these subconscious forces?



How do we get to the source of real inner power?  
Do agencies of this civilization obstruct us,  
deliberately distracting our minds from  
getting a grip on our own  
secret inner realms within  
our minds?

When individuals lose touch with their inner  
being, their INSTINCTIVE DEPTHS, they  
'become trapped in the world of  
other people.

Amazing. Back in October 2007, when I wrote  
H. 102, on page 112, I wrote, "It looks  
like The Essential Husserl is waiting.  
Once again, now October 2009, I sense I  
will be approaching that text with reverence.

A certain degree of misanthropy is conducive  
to enabling an individual to say things  
others might not be inclined to  
say. Why aren't the real great secrets common  
knowledge? Because they are at once



terrible secrets that threaten the order of society.

An excerpt from H<sub>84</sub> through H<sub>102</sub> V session:

"So much we have to go through, in order to get home, and no guide but our homesickness."

Another from H<sub>84</sub> p 145: "Why would I ever have to leave a suicide note? Won't my one hundred diaries suffice?"

Then in H<sub>102</sub> p 135: "Here's a good suicide note to leave → \* SEE DIARIES \*"

Is there a connection between yoga and phenomenology and "bursting the gort within"?

When thought ceases, pure consciousness observes the life-world-living-itself. The "cessation of thought" is parallel to Husserl's "phenomenological  $\epsilon\pi\alpha\rho\chi\eta$ ", a detachment from the phenomenal world to become consciousness exploring consciousness - or PURE CONSCIOUSNESS.



Paradox: We are thinking about not thinking.

Before thought can ~~be~~ cease entirely, the practitioner must withdraw from the phenomenal world and turn inward, attaining introspection.

Thought may also be brought to tranquillity through the knowledge gained in the deeper states of consciousness achieved in both dreams and dreamless sleep. These states are not inferior to waking reality.

Reason seems impotent when confronted with the depths of existence. Heidegger viewed reason as an obstacle to thinking.

Charles Baudelaire says Nature is hideous and corrupt: a swamp of blood, an abyss of mud whose relentless flourishing and self-renewal strike him as shameful and distressing.



I'm at a crossroads today. While getting my mail I came across a large attractive Black Woman who confided in me that she had to take medication for anxiety, that she dreaded getting bills she had no way of paying, and that she "hates this world". I told her I hated the world as well.

That little conversation helped me keep things in perspective. It's not a black and white issue. She said this world is a big con, and I agree. Those of us with eyes to see end up becoming categorized as "mentally ill" just because we have the intelligence to recognize we are living in an arena of lies.

Now I have a so-called friend who seems to be scheming to ... I don't know what ... "use me" to make points with one who has something he wants. At what point do I stand up and say, "Wait. No. My freedom is at stake. I don't care for being manipulated. I don't need to be liked. I don't want to be trapped."

(?) TO BE CONTINUED: See book 3



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